A

PANEGYRICK

TO HIS

MAJESTY,

ON HIS

Happy Return.

Syn. 7. 66. 11

By THO. FULLER B.D.

LONDON,
Printed for *John Playford* at his Shop in the *Temple*, 1660.

90...735

A PANEGYRICK On HIS MAJESTIES *HAPPY RETURN.*

1.

AT *Wor'ster* great Gods goodneſs to our Nation,
It was a *Conqueſt*, Your bare *Preſervation*.
When 'midſt Your fierceſt foes on every ſide
For Your eſcape God did a *LANE* provide;
They ſaw You gone, but whither could not tell,
Star-ſtaring, though they ask'd both *Heaven* and *Hell*.

2.

Of forreign States You ſince have ſtudied ſtore,
And read whole Libraries of Princes o're.
To You all *Forts*, *Towns*, *Towers* and *Ships* are known,
(But none like thoſe which now become Your *OWN*)
And though Your *Eyes* were with all *Objects* fill'd,
Onely the *Good* into Your *Heart* diſtill'd.

3.

Garbling mens manners You did well divide,
To take the *Spaniards wiſdom*, not their *pride*.
With *French activity* You ſtor'd Your Mind,
Leaving to them their *Fickleneſſe* behind;
And ſoon did learn, Your *Temperance* was ſuch,
A ſober *Induſtry* even from the *Dutch*.

4.

But tell us, Gracious Sovereign, from whence
Took You the pattern of Your *Patience?*
Learn't in *Afflictions School*, under the *Rod*,
Which was both *us'd* and *ſanctifi'd* by God;
From Him alone that Leſſon did proceed,
Beſt *Tutor* with beſt *Pupil* beſt agreed.

5.

We, Your dull Subjects, muſt confeſs our crime,
Who learnt ſo little in as long a time,
And the ſame *School*, thus *Dunces* poring looks
Mend not *themſelves*, but onely *marre* their *Books*.
How vaſt the difference 'twixt *wiſe* and *fool?*
The *Maſter* makes the *Schollar*, not the School.

6.

With rich conditions *ROME* did You invite,
Hoping to purchaſe You their *PROSELYTE*,
(An empty ſoul's ſoon tempted with full *Coffers*)
Whilſt You with ſacred ſcorn refus'd their proffers.
And for the *FAITH* did earneſtly * *CONTEND*
Abroad, which now You do at *Home DEFEND*.

* Jude 3. *contend for the Faith which was once delivered unto the Saints.*

Amidſt

7.

Amidſt all *Storms*, *Calm* to Your Self the while,
Saddeſt Afflictions You did teach to ſmile.
Some faces beſt become a *Mourning Dreſs*,
And ſuch Your Patience, which did *grace Diſtreſs*,
Whoſe Soul deſpiſing want of worldly pelf,
At loweſt ebbe went not beneath it Self.

8.

Gods *JUSTICE* now no longer could diſpence
With the *Abuſing* of His *PROVIDENCE*,
To hear *SUCCESSE* his *APPROBATION* ſtyl'd,
And ſee the *Baſtard* brought againſt the *Child*.
[*Scripture*] by ſuch, who in their own excuſe
Their *Actings* 'gainſt Gods *Writings* did produce.

9.

The *Independent* doth the *Papiſt* ſhun,
Contrary wayes their *violence* doth *run*,
And yet in ſuch a *Round* at laſt they met,
That both their *SAINTS* for * *MEDIATORS* ſet;
We were not *ripe* for *Mercy*, God He knows,
But *ready* for His *Juſtice* were our *Foes*.

* Witneſs a Sermon.

10.

The *Pillar*, which *Gods people* did attend,
To them in *night* a conſtant *Light* did lend,
Though *Dark* unto th' *Egyptians* behind;
Such was brave *MONCK* in his reſerved mind,
A *Riddle* to his Foes he did appear,
But to Himſelf and You, *Senſe* plain and clear.

By

11.

By *Means* unlikely God atchieves his *End*,
And crooked wayes ſtraight to his Honour tend;
The great and ancient Gates of *LONDON* Town,
(*No Gates, no City*) now are voted down,
And down were caſt, O happy day! for all
Do date our hopeful riſing from their fall.

12.

The *Matter* of Your *Reſtitution's good*,
The *Manner better*, without drop of Bloud,
By a *dry Conqueſt*, without forreign hand,
Self-hurt, and now *Self-healed*, is Our Land.
This ſilent Turn did make no noiſe, O ſtrange!
Few ſaw the *changing*, all behold the *Change*.

13.

So *Solomon* moſt wiſely did contrive,
His *Temple* ſhould be *STIL-BORN* though *ALIVE*.
That ſtately Structure ſtarted from the *ground*
Unto the *Roof*, not guilty of the ſound
Of *Iron Tool*, all noiſe therein debarr'd;
This *Virgin*-Temple thus was *ſeen*, not *heard*.

14.

When two *Protectors* were of late *proclaim'd*,
Courting mens tongues, both miſs'at what they aim'd,
True *Engliſh hearts* did with juſt anger burn,
And would no Eccho of *GOD SAVE* return:
Though *ſmiling ſilence* doth Conſent imply,
A *Tongue-tied Sorrow* flatly doth deny.

15.

But at Your MAJESTIES first Proclamation,
How loud a *Stentor* did invoice our Nation?
A *Mouth* without a *Tongue* was sooner found
In all that Crowd, than *Tongue* without a *sound*;
Nor was't a wonder men did silence break,
When Conduits did both *French* and *Spanish* speak.

16.

The Bells aloud did ring, for joy they felt
Hereafter Sacriledge shall not them melt.
The *Bonfires* round about the Streets did blaze,
And these *NEW LIGHTS Fanatiques* did amaze:
The brandisht Swords this Boon begg'd before Death,
Once to be *shew'd*, then buried in the Sheath.

17.

The *Spaniard* looking with a serious Eye,
Was forc'd to trespass on his Gravity,
Close to conceal his wondring he desir'd,
But all in vain, who openly admir'd.
The *French*, who thought the *English mad* in mind,
Now fear too soon they may them *Sober* find.

18.

The *Germans* seeing this Your sudden *Power*,
Freely confess another *Emperour*.
The joyful *Dane* to Heav'ns cast up his Eyes,
Presuming *suffering Kings* will sympathize.
The *Hollanders* (first in a sad suspence)
Hop'd, that *Your Mercy* was *their Innocence*.

19.

As aged *Jacob* with good news intranc'd,
That *Joseph* was both living and advanc'd,
The great surprise so deeply did prevail
On the good *Patriarch*, that his *Heart did fail*,
Too little for to lodge so large a joy,
For sudden happiness may much annoy.

20.

But when he saw (with serious intent
To fetch him home) the *Waggons* his Son sent,
That *Cordial* soon his fainting *Heart* did cure,
'Twas past suspicion, all things then were sure:
The Father his old Spirits did renew,
And found his *fears* were *false*, his *joyes* were *true*.

21.

Such *Our* Condition: At the first *Express*
We could not credit our own Happiness;
Told of the Coming of Your MAJESTY,
Our fainting Hearts did give their Tongues the Lye.
A *Boon* too big for us (so ill we live)
For to *receive*, though not for GOD to *give*.

22.

But when we saw the *ROYAL FLEET* at *Dover*,
Voted to wait and waft Your *Highness* over,
And valiant *Mountague* (all vertues Friend)
Appointed on Your *Person* to attend,
Joy from that moment did expell our *grief*,
Converted into *slow*, but *sure* belief.

Th' im-

23.

Th' impatient Land did for Your preſence long,
England in ſwarms did into *Holland* throng,
To bring Your Highneſs *home*, by th' Parliament
Lords, *Commons*, *Citizens*, *Divines* were ſent:
Such honour Subjects never had before,
And hope that never any ſhall have more.

24.

With all degrees Your Carriage accords,
Moſt Lord-like Your Reception of the *LORDS*,
Your Anſwer with the *COMMONS* ſo comply'd
They were to admiration ſatisfi'd;
Civil the *CITIZENS* You entertain'd,
As if in *LONDON* Born, Y'ad there remain'd.

25.

But, Oh! Your ſhort, but thick expreſſive lines,
Which did both pleaſe and profit the *DIVINES*,
Thoſe Paſtors, when returned to their Charge,
For their next *Sermon* had Your *words* at large,
With ſome Notes from Your Practice; who can teach
Our *Miters* by Your Living what to preach.

26.

The *States* of *Holland* (or *Low-Countries* now)
Unto Your SACRED MAJESTY did bow,
What *Air*, what *Earth*, what *Water* could afford
Beſt in the Kind, was crowded on their Board:
And yet, when all was done, the *ROYAL GUEST*,
And not the Chear, He, HE did make the Feaſt.

27.

Th' officious Wind to ſerve You did not fail,
But ſcour'd from *Weſt* to *Eaſt* to fill Your Sail,
And fearing that his *Breath* might be too rough,
Prov'd *over-civil*, and was ſcarce enough;
Almoſt You were becalm'd amidſt the *Main*,
Prognoſtick of Your *perfect peaceful* Reign.

28.

Your *Narrow Seas*, for *Forreigners* do wrong
To claim them, (ſurely doth the *Ditch* belong
Not to the *common Continent*, but Iſle
Incloſed) did on You their *Owner* ſmile,
Not the leaſt loſs, onely the *NASEBY* mar'ls
To ſee her ſelf now drowned in the *CHARLES*.

29.

You land at *Dover*, ſhoals of People come,
And *KENT* alone now ſeems all *CHRISTENDOM*.
The *Corniſh Rebels* (eight ſcore Summers ſince)
At *BLACK-HEATH* fought againſt their lawful Prince
Henry the Seventh, which place with *Treaſon* ſtain'd
Its Credit, now by *Loyalty* regain'd.

30.

Great *LONDON* the laſt ſtation You did make,
You *took* no*tice*, but *LONDON* You did *take*:
Where ſome, who *ſav'd themſelves* amongſt the Croud,
Did *loſe their hearing*, ſhoutings were ſo loud.
Now at *WHITE-HALL* the Guard, which You attends,
Keeps out Your Foes, *God keep You from Your Friends*.

Thus

31.

Thus far *fair Weather* on Your *Work* attended,
Let *showres* begin now where the *Sun-ſhine* ended.
Next day We ſmil'd at th' weeping of the Skies,
With all Concerns how Providence complies!
The *City* ſerv'd, next followeth the *Village*,
And, *Trading* quickned, God provides for *Tillage*.

32.

One Face, one Forme in all the Land appears,
All (former *Foot*) now *Hors'd* to *CAVALIERS*.
As for Your Enemies, their curſed Crew
Are now more hard to find out, than ſubdue.
'Tis very *Death* to them, they cannot *dye*,
Who do know *whence*, not *whither*, for to flie.

33.

France flouts, *Spain* ſcorns, and *Italy* denies them
Any acceſs, the *Dane* with *Dutch* defies them;
Unto *New-England* they were known of old,
And now no footing for them on that mold.
Rich *Amſterdam* (the *Staple* of all *Sects*)
Theſe *bankrupt Rebels* with contempt rejects.

34.

Thus cruell *Cain*, who pious blood firſt ſpilt,
Was *Purſevanted* after by his *Guilt*,
With *MURDERER* imbranded on his face,
Kept his *Condition*, though he chang'd his *place*:
Wandring from *Land* to *Land*, from *ſhore* to *ſhelf*,
His guilty Soul nere wandred from it ſelf.

Let

35.

Let them themſelves in unknown Lands diſperſe,
Or if they pleaſe with *Cantbals* converſe,
Like unto like, that all the World may ſee
KING-KILLERS and *MEN-EATERS* do agree:
In no Land they'l increaſe, 'tis Natures love
Unto Mankind, all *Monſters* barren prove.

36.

Long live Our Gracious *CHARLES*, *Second* to none
In *Honour*, who ere ſate upon the *Throne*:
Be You above Your Anceſtors renown'd,
Whoſe *Goodneſs* wiſely doth Your *Greatneſs* bound;
And knowing that You may be *What You would*,
Are pleaſed to be onely *What You ſhould*.

37.

EUROP's Great *ARBITRATOR*, in Your choice
Is plac'd of *Chriſtendom* the *CASTING VOICE*;
Hold You the *Scales* in Your Judicious Hand,
And when the equal *Beam* ſhall doubtful ſtand,
As You are pleaſed to diſpoſe one *Grain*,
So falls or riſeth either *France* or *Spain*.

38.

As *Sheba's Queen* defective *Fame* accus'd,
Whoſe nigardly Relations had abus'd
Th' abundant worth of *Solomon*, and told
Not half of what ſhe after did behold:
The ſame Your caſe, *Fame* hath not done You right,
Our *Ears* are far out-acted by our *Sight*.

Your

39.

Your *SELF*'s the *Ship* return'd from *forreign Trading*,
England's Your *Port*, *Experience* the *Lading*,
God is the *Pilot*; and now *richly* fraught,
Unto the *Port* the *Ship* is safely brought:
What's *dear* to You, is to Your Subjects *cheap*,
You sow'd with *pain*, what we with *pleasure* reap.

40.

The most renowned *EDWARD* the *CONFESSOR*,
Was both Your *Parallel* and *Predecessor*,
Exil'd He many years did live in *France*,
(From low Foundations highest Roofs advance)
The *Yoak* in *Youth* with *patience* he bore,
But in his *Age* the *Crown* with *honour* wore.

41.

The *COMMON LAW* to him the English owe,
On whom a *better gift* You will bestow:
That which He *made* by You shall be *made good*,
That *Prince* and *Peoples* rights both understood,
Both may be *Bankt* in their *respective station*;
Which done, no fear of future *Inundation*.

42.

Oppression, the *KING's EVIL*, long indur'd,
By others caus'd, by *YOU* alone thus cur'd:
GOD onely have the *glory*, You the *praise*,
And we the *profit* of our peaceful dayes,
All Forreigners the *pattern*, for their State
To *envy* rather than to *imitate*.

FINIS.